THE

# LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

*May*, 1803.

## *MEMOIRS OF MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.*

[With an elegant Portrait.]

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE, not more admired for her fine writings by the ingenious who did not know her, than esteemed and loved by all her acquaintance, for the many amiable qualities of her heart, was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, September 11, 1674; being the eldest of three daughters of Walter Singer, Esq. a gentleman of good family, and Mrs. Elizabeth Portnell; both of them persons of very great worth and piety.

Those who were acquainted with Mrs. Rowe in her childish years, could not but have observed abilities not common at that early period of life; abilities which promised what afterwards ensued, the early dawnings of a great and good mind. She loved the pencil when she had hardly strength and steadiness of hand to guide it; and even at that early period would squeeze out the juice of herbs and flowers to form her colors. Her father perceiving her inclination and talent for the art, employed a master to instruct her in drawing, which never ceased to be her amusement till death; as it afforded her the pleasure of obliging her friends, by presenting them with the best of her drawings, some

of which are still preserved, and held in high estimation. Mrs. Rowe was also very much delighted with music, but chiefly the grave and solemn; which best suited the grandeur of her sentiments, and the sublimity of her devotion: but poetry and writing was her favorite employment, and in youth her most distinguished excellence. So prevalent was her genius in this way, that her very *prose* had all the charms of *verse*. In the year 1696, and in the twenty-second year of her age, she published a collection of poems subscribed Philomela: her modesty not consenting that her own name should appear, this was substituted in place of it.

*Prior*, the poet, is said to have paid his addresses to her, which she declined receiving; and married *Mr. Thomas Rowe*, an ingenious young gentleman, who, to the possession of a considerable stock of useful learning, joined the talent of a most lively and engaging conversation; but being of a delicate constitution, his intense application to study brought on a consumption, which terminated his life in the 28th year of his age; leaving Mrs. Rowe a widow, in which state she continued the remainder of her life. As soon after his decease as her affairs would permit, she retired to Froome, in her native county, where the greatest part of her property lay, and there indulged her unconquerable inclination to solitude and retirement. She was held in great esteem by the Countess of Hertford, and other great personages, through whose persuasions, she, at different times, spent some few months in London, &c. Yet even on these occasions she never quitted her home without very sincere regret, and always returned to it again as soon as she could, with decency, disengage herself from the importunity of her noble friends. In this retreat she composed the most celebrated of her works; FRIENDSHIP IN DEATH, and several parts of LETTERS MORAL AND ENTERTAINING, and LETTERS FROM THE DEAD, &c. In 1736, the year before her decease, at the importunity of some friends,

friends, she published her HISTORY OF JOSEPH. After her death, Dr. Watts published a volume of her Religious Thoughts.

As an author, Mrs. Rowe was elegant, chaste, and innocent; evidently designing, by representing Virtue in all her genuine beauty, to recommend her to the choice and admiration of the rising generation.

On the 19th of February, 1737, this amiable woman was seized with a distemper, which in a few hours proved mortal. She had immediate medical assistance; but all means were used without success; and, after having given one groan, she expired a few minutes before two o'clock on Sunday morning, February the 20th. Her disease was judged to be an apoplexy. A loose book was found lying open by her, on which she had wrote, shortly before her dissolution, the following unconnected sentences, by which it appears she made the last and best use of the powers of reason below the skies.

*O guide, and counsel, and protect my soul from sin!*
*O speak, and let me know thy heav'nly will.*
*Speak evidently to my listening soul!*
*O fill my soul with love, with light, and peace,*
*And whisper heavenly comforts to my soul!*
*O speak, celestial Spirit, in the strain*
*Of love and heavenly pleasure to my soul.*

## *ON LIFE AND DEATH.*

TO die, or to live, requires little courage; the inhabitant of the forest can do both. To die, or to live, becomingly, requires much fortitude. *Great* let me call the human being who can do either! Let it be remembered, that the one is a consequence of the other.

## *OLD WOMAN.*

### NO. LVII.

[Continued from page 223.]

Heav'n first taught LETTERS for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The Virgin's wish, without her fears, impart;
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from INDUS to the Pole.

IN the province of education, it is necessary, alternately, to warn and to encourage, to point out errors, and to recommend beauties. In the same manner, the moral writer, who wishes to do good, must one while employ the blandishments of invitation to right practices, and another while the sternness of censure to deter from what is wrong: sometimes play with foibles, which, if indulged, may degenerate into crimes; and sometimes lash with severity, what is more than equivocally improper or imprudent.

I had almost reached my grand climacteric before I assumed my present literary title; and during the space of nearly five years, in which I have devoted myself to the service of my sex, my hair has been farther blanched by the hand of Time. If age can confer experience, I have, therefore, some pretensions to possess it; and I am happy to find, that my lucubrations continue to be received with indulgence; perhaps, I might add, with favour; and that the little elegant and useful publication in which they appear, is monthly rising in reputation.

Garrulity and egotism are supposed to be inseparable from advanced years, and I do not mean to affirm that I am exempt from the common failing; but I check myself, and proceed to the more important subject of this paper, which is to give my young readers some cautions in regard to epistolary correspondence.

To

To be able to write a good letter, is a natural and a commendable vanity, though it is often dangerous to put it in practice. As to those who cannot take a pen in their hand, without exposing their ignorance, I have little to say: if they are not sensible of their own deficiency, and refrain, nothing I can urge will avail. The greatest danger, in my opinion, arises to those who, with susceptible and cultivated minds, rashly engage in a correspondence with persons of either sex, on whose honour and fidelity they cannot implicitly rely.

Nothing is more usual than for young ladies to form connections with one or more of their school-fellows, with whom they pledge themselves to carry on a regular correspondence, when they have no longer an opportunity of friendly and unreserved conversation. In this engagement they seldom fail, without calculating the consequences to which it may lead, or the dangers to which they expose themselves and others.

God forbid that I should recommend that timid caution, which more frequently arises from a moral sense of depravity, than from easy unsuspecting innocence. Without friendship, life is not worth enjoying. It is that noble quality, which, as Johnson observes, is

> To men and angels only given,
> To all the lower world denied.

But, in forming that friendship, and in confiding to it, by letter, the inmost thoughts of the heart, how much care should be used, what prudence is necessary to guide the pen!

Young females have seldom any real business of their own to correspond on; and therefore they enter into the details of their respective families, or pass free observations on their acquaintances. Their fathers, their mothers, their brothers, their sisters, their neighbours, even the detected lie, the malignant reflection,

vamped up anew, when there is a lack of other matter, will be put upon paper, and wafted from one end of the island to another, merely to evince confidence, or to furnish a momentary amusement to their correspondents. For a time, perhaps, this may pass without any ill consequences to themselves or others: the letters may possibly be locked up, or sometimes committed to the flames, as they are frequently ordered to be, after reading. But I will just hint, that this injunction is seldom complied with; and they who are imprudent enough to write what they are ashamed should be preserved, or seen by a third person, will generally find, to their cost, that a retaliation, sooner or later, awaits this equal degree of weakness and wickedness, of which they have been guilty. The damning letter is preserved as a pledge of security, in case the other party should have committed any similar imprudence; and, upon any misunderstanding, or change of circumstances, the evidence is produced, with all the triumph of malignity, when the charge cannot be denied.

It is always improper, and generally ungenerous, to meddle with the concerns of other persons; and it is likewise often unsafe to trust our own to persons whom we have not well tried, or who, from the nature of their situations, may be implicitly and permanently confided in. Though the friendly attachment between young females may be ardent and sincere, it is not likely to be of long duration. Each soon begins to form other views; and a lover is either obtained, or wished for, by both. When this is the case, the reserve and caution which natural delicacy and habit may have enjoined in their intercourse with the other sex, is entirely thrown off in regard to their female correspondents. They not only speak to them as they think, but, what is worse, they *write*, without considering that they may naturally have confidants, to whom the secrets of each are exposed; and thus in time, every sentiment, every expression, every partiality, and every prejudice, comes round to those very

persons, from whom, of all others, they would have wished them to have been concealed. The suitors of these sentimental corresponding females may be, and often are, intimate friends; and if either of them has a partiality for the person who addresses her, she is sure to expose the secrets of the other to him, as a proof of her own regard; which he, on the other hand, will be as sure to use for the benefit of his friend. Believe me, for I know the weakness of the human heart, no woman, who loves her suitor, or her husband, will ever conceal from either any thing that concerns another person. She will invariably compound for keeping back some essential secrets of her own, by divulging those of others, that she may gain the credit of openness and sincerity, without any personal risque: but she should remember, that this artifice will avail her little; for her own confidant will, in her turn, be ready to betray, actuated by the same vanity, or the same principles of policy.

A man who possesses a generous, liberal heart, will never sacrifice another even to the person whom he wholly loves; but women, possessing less firmness of character, can have no concealments, except of what belongs to themselves, when once their hearts are engaged. Hence the danger of young ladies corresponding with a married woman on any subject which they are unwilling should be known to a third person, or, perhaps, in the end, to a whole neighbourhood.

And if such and so numerous are the dangers attending a young lady who commits herself imprudently on paper to one of her own sex, what caution, what circumspection, ought she to use, before she enters on a correspondence with one of the other sex! How many calamities have arisen from this fertile source of misery! even when it was sanctioned by the consent of parents or guardians! But should the correspondence be clandestine, however guarded the expression, however delicate the sentiment, the woman who engages in it, may be assured, that she has thrown herself wholly

wholly on the mercy of the gentleman to whom she writes. It is possible, indeed, nay, let us hope it is probable, he may have a real regard for her, and be incapable of taking any advantage of this act of folly and indiscretion; but, in a matter of such infinite importance, she should have every assurance, that can be given, of perfect honor, and unalterable regard, before she hazards a step which cannot be recalled.

Pope's Epistle of Eloisa to Aberlard, from which my motto is taken, and the general tenor of all the novelistic trash that monthly issues from the press, teach, I too well know, another and a different lesson, and therefore have done incalculable harm. The heroine of every novel, and of every comedy, indeed, must of necessity shew herself an adept in letter-writing and intrigue; or else the *dénouement*, in either case, would be protracted beyond all moderate bounds, and both readers and spectators would become languid, or fall asleep: but let me earnestly caution my young friends against taking the circulating library, or the stage, in their present mode of being conducted, as models of real life and manners: as well might they take the *phantasmagoria* for the objects themselves, or the shadow for the substance.

I say nothing of the danger of a lady's letter to her lover being exposed among his loose companions, because that is a common case; nor shall I expatiate on the chance of those very letters remaining as evidence against the purity of her conduct, when, perhaps, she has vowed duty and affection to another man worthy of all her regard. It is enough to point out the probability of the castatrophe, as a warning to avoid the path that conducts to it, and to shew, as I hope I have done, that it is very dangerous, even for those who can write well, to correspond on subjects of family affairs, scandal, or love: and as for those who have no talent for writing, unless when they commit themselves to those who can overlook the weakness of their intellect in the goodness of their heart, it will be advisable

visable for them wholly to refrain from pens, ink, and paper, farther than the indispensable calls of duty, affection, and business, may require.

Much more might be said on this subject, so interesting to the female world; but to those whose minds are open to conviction, and who are ready to learn from that experience which has been gained at the expence of others, these general views and observations may suffice. The road of safety is indicated, and may easily be kept; but they who are bent on deviating from its straight direction, can only be recalled by the presence of actual danger, when, perhaps, they have advanced too far to retreat, or to recover the path they have left.

## *ON AMBITION AND PRIDE.*

THERE is scarce any passion so heartily decried by moralists and satyrists as *ambition*; and yet ambition is not a vice, but in a vicious mind: in a virtuous mind it is a virtue, and will be found to take its colour from the character in which it is mixed. Ambition is a desire of superiority; and a man may become superior either by making others less, or himself greater. He that attempts to make himself great by laudable means, surely gives more evidence of virtue than vice; though he that attempts it either by degrading others, or by dishonestly aggrandizing himself, gives an evidence of more vice than virtue. It must, indeed, be confessed, that no passion has produced more dreadful effects than ambition; and yet, perhaps, it has been generally decried for that effect which is common to it both as a virtue and a vice—the elevation of another above ourselves. This effect naturally offends little minds rather than great; for if ambition is a vice, it is not the vice of little minds; they do not aim to surpass others, and yet repine with inexorable

exorable malignity at being surpassed. The great, when they mention ambition, do it rather as if they were studious to make an apology for themselves, than to bring disgrace upon others. DRYDEN calls it

The glorious fault of angels and of gods.

And lord Clarendon says, "if ambition is a vice, it loves to grow in a rich soil." However, it must be confessed, there are some men in whom we may honour ambition; others, in whom we must most heartily despise it.

PRIDE is a virtue.—Let not the moralist be scandalised—Pride is also a vice. Pride, like ambition, is sometimes virtuous, and sometimes vicious, according to the character in which it is found, and the object to which it is directed. As a principle, it is the parent of almost every virtue, and every vice, every thing that pleases and displeases in mankind; and as the effects are so very different, nothing is more easy than to discover even to ourselves, whether the pride that produces them is virtuous or vicious. The first object of virtuous pride is rectitude, and the next, independance. The vices that fear avoids as incurring punishment, pride avoids, as degrading the dignity of man. The support and satisfaction which meanness is content to receive from others, pride glories to derive from itself. It concedes not only with the same pleasure, but the same dignity, with which it demands and acquires; for it is modest, though not mean; and though elevated, not assuming. It not only hates, but disdains, falsehood, with all its little artifices to avoid disgrace, and pass for truth As its honour is better founded than in the opinion of others, it is superior both to neglect and adulation. As it neither talks nor acts with a view of arrogating more than is due to itself, or of granting more than is due to others, it does not vary with varying companies or places; nay, it pleases others not only in what it gives, but in what it gains from them. If you are a

great

great man, this principle will not only give you true content, but even procure you the approbation of others; and if you are not a great man, it will either procure you that approbation, or convince you that you do not want it. Such are the characteristics of true pride; those of false pride are just the contrary.

## *THE VERSENARY OF GENERAL QUEBEC.*

### A FRAGMENT.

"WHO is Nick the old soldier?" asked Mr. ——

"He is a poor Chelsea Pensioner," answered an old woman, "who lives with his wife in that there cottage. He is liked very much in these here parts, please your honor, because he is always ready with his joke, and tells us stories of the wars and General Wolf, and General Quebec, and such like great commanders: But, after all, he is but a poor devil, with hardly a whole rag to his back, except upon Sundays, and upon the *versenary of General Quebec.*"

"What is that?" said Mr. ——

"Good Lord! does your honor not know the versenary of General Quebec?" cried she.—"Not I."

"Well that is curious," said the old woman. "But we all know it in these here parts, by the means of this old Nick. Good gracious, I wish your honor but saw him at the versenary!"

"Why, what the devil is the versenary?"

"I'll tell you particularly, please your honor," said she, "if your honor will only have a little patience."

"Well, well; let us hear."

"Why then your honor must know, that the versenary of General Quebec comes round, like Christmas, only once a year, and then old Nick appears in all his glory, with his red scarlet coat on his back, and his fierce cock'd laced hat on his head, and a uniformal sword by his side; and then he struts away to the ale-house, where

where he usually meets three or four old soldiers, who comes there to keep the versenary along with him; and so they drinks the healths of all the old commanders who were killed abroad: and they begin to tell stories about the wars, and describe how the battles were won by the English, and lost by the French and Spaniards; for your honor knows, that the French and Spaniards never beat the English in their lives, though they are two to one. And then old Nick gives a full and true account of how General Wolf was killed, and General Quebec taken prisoner; and then they desire blind George, who was once a grenadier, and now sells ballads, to sing the *British Grenadiers*, which he does; all about Mars, the God of war, and all the other gods descending upon spears,* and then they all join in the choruls, and beats the grenadiers march with their tongues, and they are all as drunk as lords; and then I always helps Margery to carry Nick home—and then—and then—is the versenary of General Quebec, please your honor."

## *ON THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.*

MULEY, an Emperor of Morocco, was supposed, with his own hands, to have butchered 40,000 of his subjects. His right to shed human blood being established by the priesthood, his subjects were greedy for death; they were taught to believe, he dispatched them forthwith to paradise. When he mounted his horse, he always decapitated the slave who held the stirrup; and many were seen to struggle for the gracious favor! *DE*

* To understand this, it may be necessary to insert one stanza of the song to which the old woman alludes:

Great Jove, the God of thunder, and Mars, the God of war;
Neptune, with his trident; and Apollo, in his car;
And all the gods celestial, *descending from their spheres*,
To view with admiration the British grenadiers.

# *DE VALCOUR AND BERTHA:*

OR,

## THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

[Continued from Page 233.]

### CHAP. V.

THE agonized groans of the expiring Chief roused Bertha from her temporary stupor: she broke from the arms of Tyrault, and at the same moment beheld the altered form of her loved Julian: his eyes gazed on her with melancholy wildness, while she shrieked with surprise at the unexpected rencontre. But a new object of astonishment presented itself, when, approaching the bed, she beheld the distorted features of Father Ambrose. He beckoned her to his side: she advanced fearfully, supported by the anxious De Valcour. Ambrose took her trembling hand, and placed it within that of De Valcour; gazed earnestly at them; and a tear of remorse stole down his pale cheek. "The Prediction is, indeed, fulfilled," said he, gasping with mental and bodily agony. "I was thy father's murderer. Pray for me, suffering angel! for thy looks beam mercy to the despairing sinner. My crimes have been many. Let the Baroness Valeria be secured; she has been my instigator to the basest acts: a paper in my cabinet will explain all. Julian, you are my son." The horror and astonishment of this discovery was suspended by the last convulsion which seized Ambrose; and his kneeling children ventured to address a prayer for his forgiveness, to the Power who had terminated his guilty career. But all the joy which would otherwise have attended the re-union of De Valcour and Bertha, was destroyed by the dreadful recollection, that she had also been a murderer; nor could all the persuasions of Julian chase the horrid idea from her mind. Pursuant

to the last direction of Ambrose, Julian secured the important paper, and read the contents to Bertha and his friend Tyrault; the rest of the party having retired at his command; some to secure the person of Valeria; others to their respective avocations. The confession of Father Ambrose ran thus.

"Born of indigent and obscure parents, the annals of my early days would be unimportant to those for whom this packet is intended. It has been written in moments of bitter remorse; for, amidst all the scenes of dissipation, such moments will occur to the soul labouring with guilt. I was intended for the service of the church; but as much interest was requisite to obtain an advantageous situation, I was forced to submit to such menial offices in the convent where I was placed, as gave me a violent disgust to the calling. I quitted the convent; and being a lad of spirit and ingenuity, went through a variety of changes in my pursuit of wealth and pleasure. The person and reputed fortune of the Lady Valeria was a dazzling bait, and my natural vanity led me to imagine the prize within my reach; but I had to deal with one more ambitious and artful than myself, and the consequence was, that I became entangled in a fruitless amour. Aware of the danger attending a discovery, and cured of the passion which at first actuated me, I quitted the city where she resided, having previously directed her as to the disposal of the infant to which she must shortly give birth. By a few well-concerted measures, I contrived to pass for a man of some consequence, and formed acquaintance with youths of distinction, who, in pursuit of pleasure, sacrificed prudence and fame. By some of these I was introduced to the society of Independents. Their principles were readily adopted by me; but the strong suspicion, and strict regulations of government, obliging us to disperse awhile, I obtained, under plausible pretences, admission to the Convent of St. Clare. The holy habit covers many a depraved heart. I was

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an adept in hypocrisy, and succeeded in making my brethren believe me a man of the strictest piety. It was there, to my infinite surprise, I was sent to by the Baroness Valeria, to officiate as confessor to the family. Her infidelity gave me little pain: but the loss of my child, whom I had sent for at the commencement of my league with the Independents, had occasioned me much pain, and now revived in my mind, with a degree of tenderness (towards the mother) which I imagined I had long been incapable of feeling. I made myself known to her: she heard me with astonishment; professed undiminished regard; and laid open to my view such ambitious schemes, as soon engaged me completely in her diabolical plans. The daughter of the credulous Baron to whom Valeria was united, equally beauteous and innocent, was marked for destruction by the designing Valeria; and I engaged in her cause with views little less criminal than those which actuated the female fiend. But, to effect my purpose more completely, much dissimulation was necessary; and I became, in fact, the dupe of my own artifice. To complete the ruin of the young couple, (Bertha having formed an attachment to an orphan lad under the protection of the Baron,) I favored a secret marriage, to which Valeria prompted me, by assurances that it was the only method of crushing the youth's aspiring hopes, as she had the entire sway of the doting Baron, who would thereby be induced to disinherit them entirely, and make a will in her favor. This plan succeeded: De Valcour and Bertha were united, and long carried on a clandestine correspondence. The unsuspecting Julian confided every thing to me, except the circumstances of his first introduction to the Baron, which, had I known, innumerable crimes might have been avoided; as I should have thereby learnt that he was the son whose loss I had ever lamented. To hurry over a painful recital, the death of the Baron was determined, and effected by my hand. I had easy access to the castle, and found

little difficulty of escaping from the convent when the pious brotherhood imagined me reposing in my cell. That suspicion might be averted from me, it was necessary to prevent too strict investigation, by attaching it to another; and as I was well acquainted with the hours when Julian was admitted to a private interview with his wife, I judged it an easy matter to work on her credulity, and terrify her from the castle. For this I had a double purpose: her beauty had inspired me with a criminal passion; and I resolved to get her into my power. My intimacy with the confederate Independents had been recently renewed; and temporary concealment with them I judged my best expedient, till the Baroness completed her promise of bestowing on me wealth and independence. The only difficulty attending my scheme, was that of breaking the strict oath of the society; but as I should thereby have the whole band in my power, I resolved, at all events, to brave the consequences, and prefer my own advantage to any consideration of honor or justice."

"Alas, Julian!" said Bertha, laying her hand on his arm, "we are now taught cruelly the consequence of disobedience. Our own rashness has undone us, and made us the dupes of an artful unrelenting enemy." "Perhaps we may be able to avert the dreaded evil," returned Julian. "We have erred without being criminal; may our present punishment be the expiation."

*(To be continued.)*

## *ANECDOTE OF ALEXANDER.*

WHEN Alexander was at Ephesus, he contracted such a friendship for Apelles, that he would suffer no other artist to paint him. Apelles fell in love with the beautiful Pancasta, one of the King's concubines; and Alexander generously resigned her to him; though she was the first woman who had attracted his notice, and his partiality for her was violent.

THE

## *THE POST-OFFICE SPY.*

### PACKET V.

### KITTY PRY *in Continuation.*

SIR,

I RESUME my pen, according to promise, with the conclusion of Louisa's story.

"It is seldom that the unfortunate are long without assistance. The medical gentleman who attended Mrs. Barton, witnessing the filial piety of Louisa, determined to serve her; to which purpose he offered her a situation in his house, as superintendant of his children; and little Jane, by his interest, was admitted into the Working School for Female Orphans. This arrangement afforded great comfort to the dying Mrs. Barton, whose latest breath invoked blessings on the benevolent man, who succoured her deserving, though unfortunate children. The wife of Dr Willmot was an accomplished and amiable woman; mother of three girls, whose education she herself took charge of, and was every way qualified for the important undertaking. From her instructions, Louisa first dates her knowledge of polite literature, and many elegant acquirements she would otherwise, perhaps, never have attained. Her indefatigable assiduity, and natural good taste, made her profit wonderfully by the kind instructions she received; and in time she repaid her benevolent friends, by lightening the cares of Mrs. Willmot in her pleasing, though arduous, task. The death of this kind patroness heaped new affliction on the hapless Louisa, who was forced to seek another situation, as the children of Mr. Willmot were sent to a country school, and he had no further occasion for her services. He, however, rewarded her past attention to his family by a liberal present, and a letter of the high-

est recommendation to Mrs. Wilkinson, my good old aunt, who wanted a young person to read to her, do her best work, and keep her accounts. Out of the handsome present made her by Mr. Willmot, Louisa appropriated ten guineas in part of a premium with which her sister was apprenticed to a genteel business, and she entered on her new occupation with renovated hopes. She had not been long there, when a fall from my horse threw me an invalid on my aunt's hands; and the aid her age and infirmities prevented her from affording, was amply supplied by the tender-hearted and grateful Louisa. Her person I have already described as comely: you are now to consider it with every advantage of improved dress, and polished manners. Struck by her appearance and gentle attentions, I felt for her a sort of tender friendship, which insensibly gained ground: but as family pride is our grand characteristic, I will honestly own that I entertained hopes of obtaining her on easier terms than the sacrifice of my name and fortune. I perceived that she loved me, which strengthened my hopes: for though most women can be virtuous where their hearts are not concerned, it requires the greatest strength of mind to resist the object of affection. Louisa, fortunately for us both, possessed this strength, and, with native purity of heart, shrunk from all my endearments or persuasions. This conduct, with the warm eulogiums of my aunt, determined me; and Louisa is now my wife. My views of happiness are erected on a *firm foundation*; the *love* and *gratitude* of a *sensible, virtuous woman*. Such I present Louisa to a beloved sister, who will not be long acquainted, without fully appreciating her value, and commending the choice of her ever affectionate,

BROTHER.

LETTER

LETTER V.

LIEUTENANT WATERS *to* MISS HESELTINE.

*On board His Majesty's Ship Victory,*
*Plymouth.*

MADAM,

THE unfortunate writer of the inclosed letter is no more. Among his letters to his friends, that directed to you was found; but as I am ignorant of the nature of your acquaintance, I almost fear to relate some particulars concerning him. Perhaps his own writing may explain his situation more fully. He was wounded in an engagement with the enemy, and expired without the power of expressing any previous wish or injunction. The latter part of his life, which I have witnessed, has opened a scene of repentance for former misconduct; and in hours of emotion, I recollect to have heard your name mentioned, or at least inadvertently uttered. I will not trespass further on your patience, Madam, but refer you to his letter.

Your humble Servant,
B. WATERS.

*To* MISS ELLINOR HESELTINE.

*His Majesty's Ship Victory,*
*Plymouth.*

FIVE years have, perhaps, erased a perfidious lover from your memory: or, if circumstances are not forgotten, the person of the once admired Frederick Howell can scarcely be regonized in a poor emaciated heart-broken marine. If you ever felt an hour of resentment, and wished for vengeance, you have it now; for in this reversed fate, I am, perhaps, an object of equal aversion and pity. When you first knew me, Ellinor, I was very unlike the wretch I now appear. *One guilty connection* has wrought this wonderful

change. I meditated injury to another, and it has revolted on my own head. My father was respectable, though not affluent; but he bestowed on me a good education, and a genteel profession. I was successful in pleasing others, and had every prospect of success my most sanguine wishes could desire. Too eager in anticipation, I out-run moderation; and when established in London, associated with young men who lived in a style far superior to what I ought to have coveted; while, it is propable, they had scarcely better means than myself. It was about this time I was introduced to you: your obvious partiality flattered my vanity; but I had been taught, by my inconsiderate companions, to consider myself entitled to a more advantageous establishment, and, in consequence, trifled with your feelings in a manner I have since deeply regretted. It would be useless to recapitulate to you the many schemes I was obliged, by my extravagance, to have recourse to, to support appearances, which progressively brought on my ruin; but it is to the machinations of an infamous married woman you *may ascribe yours.* I was introduced by some of my profligate companions to the shewy and attractive Mrs. B—. She was married to a man much older than herself, and affected the utmost innocence and simplicity of manners. It was impossible to be in her company without being fascinated; and as she very soon appeared struggling to conceal an unfortunate attachment for me, my feelings were interested to a degree indescribable. Accidentally hearing of my pecuniary embarrassments, she compelled me to accept a temporary supply, professing the regard of a sister. Every circumstance thus conspiring with my natural love of admiration, I relinquished every sentiment of honor, and suffered myself to become her supposed seducer. The deception lasted some time; but at length the mask was dropped, and I beheld the syren in her true colors; yet not till I had, from her pernicious doctrines, imbibed principles destructive to the peace

peace and honor of all with whom I had connections of love or friendship. You too fatally were the victim: though I solemly declare, I loved you, and was not premeditatedly your betrayer. But when man or woman first step into the paths of vice, their retreat is almost impracticable. Conscious of my situation with respect to pecuniary concerns, I fled, fearful of the consequences, and left you to your fate. Poor and friendless, I yet ventured to hope for relief from her who had deluded me; but want and misery were what never pleaded successfully to her feelings. Driven to the last exigence, I entered a volunteer in the marines, thinking the exertions my duty would call upon me to make, would chase care from my mind. In this I was sadly deceived: not even the thunder of battle can drown the voice of conscience. My heart was goaded by misery: my body, unused to labour, sunk beneath my daily fatigues. Driven about by the command of imperious officers, punished with severity for negligences which corporeal infirmity occasioned, I sunk into gloomy despondency, and hourly importuned heaven for my release. The coarse jests of my associates have often stung me to the soul; and, in the hour of solitary wretchedness, I have exclaimed, "Dear injured Ellinor, thou art avenged: the seducer shall not escape punishment." I am now on the verge of the grave; perhaps my fate may be accelerated by the chance of war: at all events, my only hope of happiness now rests on your pity and forgiveness. My sufferings will surely draw a tear from eyes which have so often beamed affection on the worthless Frederick. The lips which have so often repeated my name with tenderness, will now press this insensate paper with a sign of pardon: the angel of mercy will waft it to me, and sooth the last hour of the unhappy penitent,

FREDERICK HOWELL.

*To the* EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

A YOUNG man, of finished education, and insinuating manners, about four years past, became acquainted with an inexperienced girl in the country, and found it easy to impress her unsuspicious heart. She sought not to disguise her new emotion; but she soon regretted her undiscerning partiality; for her lover connected himself with gayer, wealthier females; and made the affection, of which he was the unworthy object, the theme of his irrision. Conscious of innocence, her abused heart rose superior to insult; and she thanked the unmanly Phaön for the impulse by which she corrected the exuberance of her unsusceptibility. An expressed wish to renew the intimacy produced the subsequent reply.

*To* MR. M——.

No, Sir; nor were you invested with all the honors of your dignified profession, would I reverse the negation. You mistake my character; but the regard I owe to it, incites me to recur to the era when our acquaintance commenced. I was then nineteen years of age, and disengaged in my affections; but immured in solitude, and imbued with luxuriant feelings, unaccustomed to restraint, I raised an idol in fancy, and adorning it with every glowing quality, pronounced it the archetype of him to whom I would devote my heart, which was engrossed by this offspring of idea ere your flattery assailed my vanity. The advantages of education formed a basis for those with which you were decorated by my inebriated imagination. Ignorant that I fell to the phantom of my own brain, and imputing my ductility to destiny, I would have sacrificed my life to evince the ardour of my visionary attachment.

tachment. While I shudder at the peril of my unguarded confidence, I exult in the simple rectitude from which it was derived: it was the office of reflection on your conduct, to convince me that the symptoms of innocence are analagous to those of levity; though the eternal boundaries of virtue and vice separate the respective courses of action. Ah, Mr. M—! on the recollection of conversations which consideration has enabled me imperfectly to comprehend, my faculties are suspended by the emotions of indignant virtue. You may triumph, vain young man, in the confession that your name associates ideas which empoison retrospection; but know, while you glory in agonizing the bosom of an inconsiderate creature, that the poignancy of my regret subsists in my not discovering in you the efficient of esteem. Unconscious of guilt, I feel degradation in the remembrance of the few hours passed in your company. What art can supply a Lethe to obliterate them from my mind? Surely a species of paraphrosyne must have beguiled me. If a renowned state once had true reason to dedicate a temple to Ridicule, surely I may hallow an altar to Scorn, whose benign influence removed the spell, and dissipated the ablepsy, by which my understanding was deluded.

And did you suppose I would now sanction your advances? rather would I resign my embittered existence. Farewel! As a human being, my daily prayers are for your happiness.

*November*, 1802. MARY.

## *ON CONSCIOUS GUILT.*

PHÆDRUS, a native of Thrace, was brought to Rome as a slave. Whilst in the service of Augustus, he procured his favour, and was made a freed-man. In the reign of Tiberius, he translated into Iambic verse the Fables of Esop, for which he was persecuted by Sejanus, who, conscious of his own delinquency, suspected that he was obliquely satirized in the commendations bestowed on virtue by the poet.

## *HINTS TO THE LADIES.*

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE frequently heard an exclamation among many ladies of the first sense and reputation, attended with a wish to change their sex, and hinting, that, if they were happy enough to be men, they would then throw off the disagreeable restraint which the petticoat has imposed upon them, and give into all the fashionable pleasures of the town, with as much spirit as the best of us.

The ladies who are thus solicitous to part with the nice reserve of their own sex for the unblushing freedom of ours, should, however, consider, that there is something, not only exceedingly indelicate, but exceedingly dangerous, in this declaration. 'Tis positively acknowledging, that they are naturally inclined to be libertines; and that they imagine the principal happiness of life exists in those pursuits which are equally repugnant to the rules of reason, and the laws of morality. 'Tis actually confessing, that the rectitude of their conduct proceeds more from the suggestions of their fear than the goodness of their hearts; and that nothing confines them within the necessary limits of propriety, but the universal reproach which immediately attends any palpable deviation from the strictness of the female character.

When a lady, therefore, incautiously exclaims, *O that I was a man!* and seems to look with envy upon the licence which custom has given the lords of the creation to be profligate, she must not be surprized, if one of those happy beings, who is thus privileged to err, should take an instant advantage of her confession, and should affront her with the grossest solicitations. In fact, she invites an attack of that nature; and a libertine of any discernment might imagine, reasonably enough, that the woman would soon be brought to disregard the *appearance* of virtue, when she reflected with pain upon the *reality*.

MENTOR.

# *FALSE DELICACIES:*

## A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[Continued from page 245.]

*The Scene lies in Celia's Country House.*

### *ACT III. SCENE I.*

*The Scene changes, and represents* Lucinda's *Apartment.*

Lucinda *alone, seated near a table, on which are placed two wax lights, and some books. She holds one in her hand, and appears sunk into a deep reverie: after some moments silence,*

I CANNOT rest in the saloon; nor can I read, or occupy myself where I am. My reverie follows me every where. How I have suffered! What a cruel day! With what malignity the Marquis observes me! It is impossible for me to support his looks. He does not even care to hide his suspicions from me I flatter myself, however, I have removed them; and yet I am not more at ease. After three years absence, and unthought of, the Chevalier arrives, finds me again unsought for; and the same day hope is even renewed in his heart! In his heart! what do I say? Ah! it is nothing but vanity that gladdens it. When he did love me, too much occupied with the sentiment he felt, love even deceived him with respect to mine. Scarce dare we hope a good on which depends the happiness of our lives; and yet we easily flatter ourselves with the success of a lively hope.—Ah! how shall I pardon his presumption? Who, I? the object of a caprice? What a humiliating idea! I should like his hatred an hundred times better. Yes, hatred is a passion. He

would be alarmed; I should at least occupy him with passion. O, heaven! and have I not wished for his indifference! Shall I never act consistently with myself?—But who comes here, to intrude upon me?—Should it be—Alas! I can think of none but him, and yet I cannot endure his sight.

## *SCENE II.*

LUCINDA *and* MARQUIS.

*Lucinda.* (*Aside, seeing the* Marquis.) It is the Marquis! What odious importunity!

*Marquis.* Pardon me, Madam, for daring to intrude on your solitude: but the news I am going to inform you of, will be so agreeable to you, that it ought to excuse my conduct.

*Lucinda.* What is it? Pray explain yourself.

*Marquis.* I confess that, deceived by my tenderness for a friend, I flattered myself for a moment, you were not insensible to his passion. I endeavoured to revive his hope. You have not long ago cruelly deceived us both. Applaud yourself for what you have done: you have made him the most unfortunate of men, and you will be no longer importuned by his presence and complaints.

*Lucinda.* What do you say?

*Marquis.* Be content, Madam: the Chevalier is gone.

*Lucinda.* He is gone!

*Marquis.* Yes, Madam, he is gone.—Celia and I have endeavoured in vain to detain him. He has taken the only method that was in his power of pleasing you, by removing an odious object from your sight. He has not had the courage to bid you adieu, and has charged me—

*Lucinda.* Did you see him depart? Are you sure?—

*Marquis.*

*Marquis.* I see it: You dare not yet so far flatter yourself, but this doubt may be easily cleared up: the whole house will attest it. He does not go to Paris, but takes the route of Auvergne: it is his intention to seclude himself in a country two hundred leagues from you. Does that distance satisfy your hatred?

*Lucinda.* He was tired of staying, and is gone. I see nothing very extraordinary, nor very interesting, in all that.

*Marquis.* Ah! that is too much: at least be just. He loved as soon as he saw you. You were both free: he has made you the arbiter of his destiny: you have rejected his offers, despised his love. He took then the same course he now takes, that of absence and removal: but neither time nor dissipation could drive you from his heart. After three years, he finds you again: his fatal passion revives with greater force than ever, and it is at this moment you load him with the most cruel indifference, and the most marked contempt. Your pity would have assuaged his sufferings; but you refuse it him with a cruelty which, I confess, I never should have thought you capable of. And it is I who am the innocent cause of his misfortunes: it is I who brought him back hither; it is I who sought to renew his hopes: I ought to reproach myself for all the torments he feels. Friendship is as fatal to him as love. I feel the inutility of these complaints: I find, however, a secret satisfaction in speaking to you of him, to reproach you for your injustice. You are the best loved object to him in the world. Notwithstanding your ingratitude, it seems as if this was a place that attaches me to you in spite of myself.

*Lucinda.* Marquis, I confess your discourse affects me much. I am little sensible of the transports of love; but friendship has powerful claims on my heart. That which you feel for the Chevalier, interests and affects me. You see it; and I do not conceal it. *(Taking out her handkerchief, and turning her head.)*—

*(Apart.)* Ah! how shall I hide from him the excess of my trouble!

*Marquis. (Apart.)* The pretext is not an unskilful one. But let us go on.—*(Aloud.)* Ah! Lucinda! Lucinda! what a lover have you lost! What happiness might we not have enjoyed here! Love and friendship would have enchanted every moment of our lives!

*Lucinda.* The Chevalier will surely yet forget me: his head is light and giddy: besides, he will exert all his reason to cure himself. Without doubt, he has promised you he would.

*Marquis.* Experience has too often deceived him, to dare still to flatter himself so far.

*Lucinda.* Hear me, my dear Marquis. Celia certainly loves you: I would advise you to gain her consent this very day to marry you. When you are married, I will leave you. You will recall your friend, and you will comfort him: you will tell him—that I pity him; that his fate interests me much. In short, you will alleviate his sorrow, and make him forget his troubles. Go, and find out Celia: I will meet you both again in a short time.

*Marquis.* Your heart is not then inaccessible to pity?

*Lucinda.* I allow you to be a witness of my sensibility; you ought to know that it is real. Marquis, this day proves to me to what extent your heart is susceptible; this day attaches me to you for life.

*Marquis.* Alas! at this moment the unfortunate Chevalier removes still more and more from us, with despair in his heart.

*Lucinda.* Go, Marquis, leave me alone: my sight only excites your regret: your reproaches afflict me: leave me.

*Marquis.* I obey you: but it is with extreme pain that I quit you. *(He kisses her hand. She appears greatly affected. She would speak, but hesitates; and at this moment the* Marquis *leaves her, without noticing the*

*the different passions that agitate her. He says apart as he goes out,)* Let me hasten to inform the Chevalier of a happiness he can no longer doubt of.

## *SCENE III.*

LUCINDA *alone.*

At last I am alone, and released from a cruel constraint! Ah! what have I done! Victim of a false delicacy, I have then sacrificed, without return, the happiness of my life. I have merited my fate; I ought not to complain of it: but the unfortunate object of so much injustice, what will become of him? How is he rewarded for a love so tender and so faithful! Alas! he is well revenged! I have never ceased loving him. Yes, I shall always love him! But every thing may yet be well. I will go, and unite—and recall him—I ought to do so. But to deceive myself, and avow my caprice; I cannot consent to it; and I lose him, and condemn myself to eternal regret. Which part shall I take? How unfortunate I am! *(She falls into an arm-chair, her head supported with her two hands, and her face covered with her handkerchief.)*

*(To be continued.)*

## *ON IMAGINARY WANTS.*

A SENSIBLE writer has observed, that "wants are not wants until we want them." An old country Curate, who had all his life resided upon a lofty mountain, was one day presented with a moor-cock: ignorant of the existence of such a bird, he consulted with his cook-maid in what manner the rarity should be disposed of, and they both agreed to bury it in the garden.

# *THE RECLUSE:*

OR,

## REFLECTIONS IN RETIREMENT.

*By an Old Moralist.*

[Continued from Page 229.]

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### DOMESTIC TYRANNY.

HOW mortifying to the generous mind is the conviction, that a love of exerting arbitrary power is so general a passion in the human breast! How mean is its source, and how calamitous are its effects! yet how lively, though incomprehensible, is that horrid joy, which seems to swell the bosoms of the tyrannous of every description! How repugnant is it to a benevolent character, to treat with haughtiness, those who are beneath its rank! How abhorrent is it to a just one, to act with rigour to them who bend beneath its power!

How common is it to see the respectable character of the head of a family degraded into the despicable task-master! To see the honourable title of a father, turned into that of the tyrant! The filial heart, which would expand wide as heaven in wishes for its parent's happiness, is suddenly contracted by cruelty. It is either blazing with the indignation of insulted virtue; or congealed into insensibility, by a conduct, to which, if it be a crime to resist, the high feeling of youth considers it would be a disgrace to bow.

Not only in this case, but where accident, or circumstances, give an occasional superiority, this pride of power appears. When, by some mischance, or imprudence, one human being becomes dependant on another, either for support through the exigencies of life, or for cessation from the distresses of the mind;

in

in both these situations, we may see the triumphant spirit of barbarity overthrow every benevolent sentiment: the unhappy mortal whom fortune has thrown on the compassion of a worldly man, from the moment in which he is nominated a dependant, is no longer considered as a fellow creature. He is made the miserable sustainer of his patron's caprices; he is the object on which he empties all the overflowings of his spleen; he is obliged to him, and he must endure; he is poor, and he has no right to justice; he is oppressed, and he ought not to be protected; he has not a friend, and how dares he defend himself! These are sentiments which I have heard supported in public; these are sentiments which I have heard avowed with pride, and sustained with a pertinacity, which could have no other source than a bad and corrupted heart.

Lindor was left by his dying parents to the care of an uncle, to whom they confided their only child, with a full power over one part of their fortune until their son was of age, and the entire possession of the other half to himself. They bequeathed this wealth to him, under the hope that it would ensure their child his fonder attention; and that, in the end, when the uncle died, (who was old, and a determined bachelor,) the whole estate would again return to their rightful heir.

During the boy's infancy, he was well taken care of, and received a liberal education. At the age of seventeen he quitted college, and was sent by his guardian to London, to become a student in one of the inns of court. Here the young Lindor was introduced amongst a class of men, whose general expences were extravagantly high, and their dissipations madly profuse. Being very sanguine and credulous, and his flexible nature uniting with the ardour of youth, he too easily gave into their plans, and lavished his money, and contracted debts, with a rapidity bordering on phrenzy.

He had ran this thoughtless career for nearly three years, when his uncle called him into Cornwall, to attend

tend him during a fit of illness, which threatened his life. Lindor obeyed his command: and, in the long, silent hours which he passed by the sick-bed, the glare of dissipation, and the hurry of the metropolis, no longer confusing his senses, and warping his reflections, his mind found its proper tone; and he saw with a startled eye, the folly of the scenes which were gone, and the misery that awaited him. He was convinced, from the weight of his debts, that most of his own fortune must be condemned to discharge them; and the thought of throwing himself on the bounty of his kind uncle, to imbitter his dying moments with so shocking a tale, his soul abhorred.

Thus overwhelmed by the new and painful views which had taken possession of his mind, he scarcely endured life, till his guardian recovered, and sent him back to London. But how changed!

*(To be continued.)*

## *THE SOLDIER's FAREWELL.*

HAVING occasion to travel round the adjacent counties, during the time when troops were under orders of embarkation for abroad, I arrived at Hornchurch, in Essex, when the seventh regiment of Light Dragoons were proceeding on their march, to embark for the continent. The trumpets began to sound, and the men were seen galloping, in every direction, to the place of rendevous. The tears, the groans, of the wretched women, who were bidding adieu to their husbands, sons, or brothers, would have softened the most obdurate heart, would have brought tears into the eyes even of a misanthrope.

Amongst the various groups, I took particular notice of a young Serjeant, who was taking leave of his wife, a beautiful young creature, with a sweet little infant in her arms. "My Love," he cried, "you shall

shall hear from me as soon as we arrive, and I have an opportunity." Sobs prevented her utterance. "Do not distress yourself: you perfectly unman me. Consider, my love, 'tis my duty to my king calls me away; 'tis my country's safety requires my absence. Dry up your tears, my dearest girl; and when you bestow a thought upon me, let it be, of the blissful moment when I shall joyfully return to my Anna, and my charming little fellow." "Oh! Frederick—" was all she could say. Articulation was denied her, while the big drops of anguish rolled down her cheeks. One arm was clasped round his neck; the other supported her infant. He took the child; and I could perceive a fond father's silent tear steal down his manly face. Suddenly the trumpets sounded—They both started—The anguish, the despair, of the poor girl was inconceivable; she hung on his arm. As he was preparing to mount the saddle, he once more clasped her to his breast. The last charge was sounded; he sprung on his horse, stretched out his arms for his boy, embraced it tenderly; and, with a voice choaked with anguish, as he returned the child, while her looks were bent upon him, with a kind of frenzied sorrow, he exclaimed, "Farewell, Farewell. God in heaven protect you;" and was out of sight in an instant. Reader, excuse me; I cannot depicture the scene that ensued, the feeling mind will excuse me. One thing I have to relate; poor Frederick never came back, as the whole regiment were nearly all slaughtered.

*St. Pancras.* EDMUND.

## *THE FORCE OF HABIT.*

"I WILL talk to the King about it," said B———; and this habit was become so forcible in him, that a courtier having one day enquired how his wife did, he answered, "I will talk to the King about it."

*THE*

## *THE HEROES OF HINDOSTAN;*

OR,

## THE DAY OF RETRIBUTION.

ON the banks of the Ganges, in the strictest bonds of amity, lived Akajah and Sammael, descended from the blood royal, the pride of Hindostan, and the terror of her enemies. Together they resided; together they roamed the forests, taming the ferocious tiger, and subjecting to their skill the furious lion; and together they fought the lawless bands that annually descended the mountains, to plunder the defenceless husbandman, and trembling shepherd: before them fled the marauders with terror. Inseparable and invincible, they feared no one; for no one they injured: they were respected by the virtuous, who regarded them as their protectors; they were hated by the vicious, for to them were they inexorable.

To destroy this connexion, or sow dissention between them, had long been the aim of a neighbouring Rajah, on whose territories they resided: but vain had hitherto been his endeavours. Chance at length seemed to favour him with one opportunity, which, with the malignity of a demon, he eagerly embraced.

The annual purification of the Hindoos had commenced; the men had bathed in the sacred waters of the Ganges, received absolution, and retired, when the Tchoudar proclaimed, with a loud voice, accompanied by the sonorous gong, that the female purification was about to commence, and commanded all the male sex to retire from the hallowed spot, under penalty of a cruel death. Three times was the proclamation reitered; and none but females remained. In solemn step, and with reverential awe, the lovely group advanced, headed by the beautiful Aminé, the Rajah's niece, whose father he had murdered, and whose throne he had usurped. Already had the High Priest bestowed his benediction, already had the

nymphs

nymphs laid aside their milk-white robes, and were about to enter the sacred bath, when a hideous overgrown tiger sprung furious from the wood, and fastened with avidity on the companions of Aminé. Terror and dismay instantly prevailed; nothing was heard but the loud shrieks and groans of the agonized females: the gong ceased to sound, and the priests precipitately fled to a place of shelter; whilst the fair assemblage of the beauteous Hindoos were pent by the monster in a nook of land which projected into a deep part of the river.

In this dreadful state of suspense, their piercing outcries attracted the notice of the two friends on their return from hunting; and learning the cause from a fugitive priest, they hurried with the speed of lightning to the relief of their fair countrywomen. In an instant they alighted from their coursers; and whilst Akajah plunged his javelin in the side, the daring Sammael severed the head from the monster's huge carcase. They then, knowing the prohibition, remounted, and quickly fled.

For this trespass they were, however, summoned before the Grand Divan of the Rajah. The court was unusually crowded; and the prisoners were brought forth. A death-like silence prevailed, when the High Priest, rising from his seat, accused the heroes of sacrilege, infidelity, and apostacy. The other priests, to cloak their cowardice, joined in the accusation; and sentence of death was pronounced on the undaunted friends, amid a general murmur of disapprobation. The Rajah would not hear any thing in their defence, and ordered them to be led to immediate execution; but the executioner was fled; and being of the blood royal, no inferior class could, agreeable to the inviolable laws of Hindoston, spill their blood. In this dilemma, the Rajah, pretending to relent, caused it to be made known, that the one which would shoot three arrows at, and afterwards behead the other, should receive a free pardon. With an avidity not to be expressed,

Akajah

Akajah embraced the offer; was unbound, and received his arms. He bent his bow, and, with a poisoned arrow, seemingly prepared to murder his friend; when turning toward the Rajah, he thus addressed him: "Prince, 'tis at your command my bow is bent; at your command must this arrow fly, and rid the world—" "Shoot," cried the Rajah, interrupting him with impatience. At that instant, having secretly taken aim, he let fly, and the Rajah fell lifeless on the throne. With eagerness the guards rushed forward to seize Akajah; but perceiving the Rajah already dead, they shrunk back dismayed; whilst Akajah, drawing his scymitar, with a loud voice commanded silence, and thus spake:

"Ye sages and brave warriors of Hindostan, no longer grieve for a tyrant, whose hour, though long delayed, has at length arrived. Divine Justice, and a dreadful retribution, has overtaken him. Descended from the rightful possessors of the throne, I claim my right, and invite the fair Aminè to partake of the same, vacated by an insolent imperious usurper." The divan, no longer under the impulse of terror, acknowledged the claim, and unanimously placed Akajah and Aminè on the throne.

Sammael, now no longer a sacrilegious traitor, they appointed generalissimo of the troops; whilst the High Priest retired, deposed and disgraced, to mourn his bigotry and hypocrisy with unavailing tears. The dead carcase of the Rajah was exposed to the tigers of the woods; tranquillity was restored to the government; and a guard was appointed to protect the fair bathers from any such accident in future, as that which threatened such fatal consequences, but which eventually produced so fortunate and just an occurrence.

NESTOR.

## *On the Cruelty of Parents in giving a refined Education to their Children, unless they are able to leave them in an* independent *State; exemplified in the* STORY OF ELIZA.

THE advantages which arise from a refined education, in *some instances*, are of the most gratifying kind; yet there are others, in which it proves a source of *inquietude*, by creating an acute sensibility in the feelings, and a sensitive emotion in the mind. *Nature*, doubtless, forms us with different dispositions; and even in the days of *childhood*, this diversity is to be seen; for with some, a harsh word will excite the most painful emotions; whilst others require severity before they can be subdued.

"I will give my children *good education*," say the injudicious parents, "and then they will be able to *shift for themselves;*" without reflecting that this *good* education is the means of *unfitting* them for *shifting*; and that the money which has been spent upon it, might have proved a support! I do not mean to infer, that all young women ought to be totally uneducated, whose parents cannot leave them independent at their deaths; but it surely ought merely to be confined to useful acquirements, instead of such as tend to excite refinement in their feelings, and disarm them from struggling against the evils they may be destined to sustain.

Theodore was a physician, eminent in his profession; but so perfectly indifferent to pecuniary affairs, that he never even kept the slightest memorandum of his expences, and scarcely a receipt was found at his death. The generosity of his disposition could only be equalled by his benevolence; and the unfortunate in Theodore ever found a friend: his house was the seat of English hospitality; and though his practice was extensive, it was not equal to his expence. Though he had several children, one only survived him, on

whose education the highest pains had been bestowed; this was calculated to heighten a *natural sensibility*, which required to be repressed rather than increased.

In the prime of manhood, Theodore received his awful summons, and left the world without making provision either for his widow or child; and the latter, at the age of sixteen, was left without any natural protector; for her mother soon afterwards laboured under a derangement of mind. Though the mansion of Theodore had ever been a receptacle for the unfortunate, none of his friends offered an asylum either for his widow or his child. A subscription was, however, at length raised, and a small annuity purchased for them, which was scarcely sufficient to hire a place to cover their heads! The death of an affectionate parent was in itself a cruel stroke to Eliza; but the misfortune was augmented by the altered conduct of those she considered as her friends; for *cold civility* supplied the place of *ardent expressions of affection*; and she met with insult where she had been accustomed to receive kindness and regard! Time, however, restored her ill-fated mother to her senses; and she in a great measure supported her by taking in work; but ill could she brook the haughty airs of her employers, who had formerly been candidates for a place in her heart!

At length her observation was struck by an advertisement in a paper, which required a governess to undertake the charge of a child; and the appearance and manners of Eliza being extremely prepossessing, with very few enquiries she was engaged.

Theodore and myself had been college associates, and our friendship was augmented by the hand of time; but at the period of his death, I was abroad with my regiment, and did not return for several years. All I could learn of his widow, and the unfortunate Eliza, was, that they had retired to the Metropolis, and that the latter worked for the shops: but this account was so vague, that I despaired of discovering them;

them; for every attempt which I had made had failed. As I at this time was raised to the command of a regiment, Mr. Buckram, the army taylor, and myself, had some accounts; and he invited me to dine at his country residence, which, he assured me, was the prettiest spot within twenty miles of town.

*Buckram* was a man who, from the most inferior situation, had raised himself to the station I have described; but he was elegant in *his manners*, when compared to the being to whom he introduced me as his *second wife*. To a person *large*, and *vulgar* beyond the powers of conception, was united a countenance plainer than any I had ever before seen, which was rendered doubly conspicuous by the finery with which it was decorated, and by a quantity of the *coarsest* kind of *rouge*. Her voice completely corresponded with her features, for it was absolute *thunder*, and the loudest of its peals. In short, I was so completely disgusted, that I could hardly command the civility of speech.

I was fortunately, however, soon relieved from this embarrassment, by hearing dinner announced by the sound of a large bell, when I instantly was struck by a vociferous kind of clattering, and three or four noisy children came screaming down stairs. I looked astonished; for I could not command my countenance; when the lady of the mansion informed me, her boys were come from school; "and I supposes," added she, "they are having a bit of *fun* with Clementina's *governess*; for they always tries to mad her by making their sister rude." "*Governess!*" I exclaimed, "Madam. I should suppose the *governess* is not of that *party*, or there would not be quite so much frolic and noise." "O yes, she be," replied the accomplished Mrs. Buckram; "for I dont chuse to have my *childrens' spirits curbed*. Lord bless ye, General, you know you and I was once children; and as for ever giving power to what is nothing better than an upper maid, is what I shall never do to please all

the governesses in England; and so I told Miss Eliza the day that she was hired."

God help poor Miss Eliza! thought I, without even replying to Mrs. Buckram; when I heard a voice, in the softest accents, say, "Miss Clementina, will you enter? for I cannot go before." "No, I think *not, indeed,*" exclaimed the lady of the mansion; "that would be like the *mistress* waiting upon the *maids*. Come, Clemmy, my love, come and speak to the General; for he is a very great friend, I assure you, of Papa's." In flew Miss Clemmy, bounding like a young *roe-buck*, but with little of the *diffidence* which they possess; and coming up to me with an air of assurance, without the least embarrassment, offered her hand. During this introduction, the governess had not entered, as it was *fun* to the boys to keep her waiting at the door; but Mr. Buckram, seeing her stand, said, "Come in, Miss Eliza; and do not wait for those unmannerly boors."

I had formed, in my own ideas, a kind of *upper servant*, dignified with the name of *governess* to this unmanageable tribe. Judge, then, my astonishment, at seeing a female enter, whose appearance was calculated to excite the highest respect. I rose from my seat as she approached the table, which the elegant Mrs. Buckram observing, pulled me by the coat, saying, "Dont get up, General: why, its only my daughter's *governess:* but you Gentlemen of the *army* are enough to turn *young women's* heads."

"You, Madam," said I, gravely, "must think yourself *very fortunate*, in having a lady of such appearance to take the charge of your child." "Why, I *pays her*," replied the unfeeling wretch. "Don't I, Miss Eliza? I am to give her a matter of *five-and-twenty* pounds a year!"

This was too much for the unfortunate Eliza, who directly burst into a flood of tears; which Mr. Buckram perceiving, instantly desired his wife would be *quiet*, and not remind people of their distress!

"Come, Miss," continued he, "take a glass of sherry with me, and don't mind what Mrs. Buckram says." I was so shocked at having unintentionally given pain to this interesting young creature, that I could not bear to encounter her eyes again; yet, at the first glance of her, they seemed to strike my recollection as those of a person's whom I formerly had seen. As soon as the cloth was removed, she arose from table: but Mrs. Buckram even seemed to feel the impropriety of what she had said. "It rains, I believe," said she; "dont it, Miss Eliza? So you and Clemmy cannot take a walk. Stay, and drink a glass of wine with General D—— and us this evening; for I am sure it will do your spirits good."

"General D——!" exclaimed Eliza, in half formed accents, yet still loud enough for me to hear. "Yes," I exclaimed; "and he has a recollection of *your features:* for heaven's sake tell me what is your name?" "H——," she replied, with evident emotion. "Were you not my beloved father's most intimate friend?" "Yes," I replied, embracing her with affection, "and am henceforth the *friend* and protector of his child!"

It would be difficult to describe the effect of the declaration upon the countenances of the party in whose presence it was made: but, before they could make any observations on this unexpected circumstance, I took Eliza by the hand, and led her up to Mrs. B—— saying, "Madam, give me leave to introduce Miss H—— as my *adopted daughter*, whom I have been searching to find out ever since my return: yet I know not how I shall obtain your forgiveness, when I tell you I must run away with her to night."

The being who had been formerly treated with the most supercilious haughtiness, was now accosted in terms of the most fulsome respect; and even Miss Clementina had sagacity enough to take a lesson from her mother, and pretend the greatest concern for the loss of her friend. The boys were not such adepts in hy-

pocrisy; and, as was customary, began jumping on the back of Eliza's chair: but I told them I should suffer no one to take a liberty with my adopted daughter; and insisted upon their immediately getting down.

When tea was ordered, I requested Eliza to collect her little baggage, as I found her mother boarded within a few miles of Mr. Buckram's house; and there I determined to take the amiable girl that evening; not thinking it would accord with the ideas of prudence, if I carried her to town. To describe her joy, or to express her gratitude, at being unexpectedly taken from so degrading a state, would require powers far superior to those in my possession; for her sensibility is so exquisite, that I fear it will prove injurious to her frame! Nature unfortunately endowed her with refinement and sensibility, which was strengthened by the education she received; and as she had not courage to repel the insults of ignorance, they have made a strong impression upon her heart. She now resides with her mother in a small but elegant cottage, and enjoys the comforts which she experienced in the early part of life; but her spirits have been broken by the vicissitudes she encountered, and her tender frame has been injured by unmerited distress.

Ye parents who peruse the history of Eliza, guard your own offspring from sharing her fate; and do not increase the natural sensibility of their dispositions, by giving them an education which will *sharpen* the *arrows of distress!* If your circumstances will not permit you to leave them an independence, for pity's sake, do not inspire them with independency of mind; but recollect that it will be your duty to make them *useful members* of society, instead of adding poignancy to their feelings, by teaching their minds to be refined.

*On*

*On the Duty incumbent upon Persons in elevated Situations, placing Authority in the Hands of those who would not be likely to oppress.*

POWER, when placed in the hands of *weak* or *wicked persons*, is attended with evil consequences, which every feeling mind must deplore: therefore, those by whom any kind of authority is delegated, ought to be completely acquainted with the character of those in whom it is reposed. How many individuals are rendered wretched by the oppressive conduct of stewards, who, to amass a fortune for *themselves*, drain it from the honest industry of the poor; or from that class of people, who, at a former period, were enabled to save a little property for a rising family; but who now can scarcely save sufficient to pay the exorbitant demand of rent!

Previous to the prevailing fashion of crowding to different watering-places, the owner of extensive property spent the summer at his country estate; and all his little tenantry were considered as his children, and were at once objects of benevolence, solicitude, and care. But modern refinement has destroyed this patriarchal kind of conduct; the *rich man* no longer feels anxious to promote the welfare of the *poor;* an interested domestic fills the place of a disinterested benefactor; and oppression is the consequence of this unfortunate change!

Those who enjoy the blessing of a large fortune, seldom reflect upon the importance of the trust which is reposed; or recollect that riches were not given for *individual happiness*, but for the purpose of dispensing comforts to the poor! How refined a gratification must a man of property experience, whose benevolence is felt throughout the extent of his domain! and who, instead of delegating his concerns to the management of a mercenary, dispenses comfort to the sons of affliction and pain! Powerful must be those arguments which

which can destroy the effect of fashion; and persuasive those admonitions, which can resist the potency of its charm. I shall, therefore, beg leave to close my observations with an historical anecdote, which does not appear entirely inapplicable to my discourse.

## A YOUNG KING OF PERSIA TAUGHT WISDOM BY A SHEPHERD.

BEHRAM, son of a Persian monarch, succeeded to the throne of his father at a very early period of life; and, instead of consulting the happiness of his subjects, devoted all his time to pleasurable pursuits. The Vizer, to whose care the administration of public affairs was intrusted, shamefully abused the confidence which was resposed; for conceiving he should never be called upon to give an account of his conduct, the public money was lavished, and the people cruelly abused. The officers who were under him, influenced by such example, and fearless of punishment, committed the greatest crimes: the troops were ill paid; the administration of *justice* was unattended to; and at length his subjects began to revolt. The King, alarmed at the idea of the disaffection of his people, began to feel apprehensive for the loss of his crown; and determining, if possible, to prevent the threatening evil, desired to be made acquainted with the cause of their complaints. This appeal to their grievances, on the part of the sovereign, induced his counsellors to describe the oppressions which the people had endured; but fearful of exciting the resentment of the *Vizer*, they had not courage to tell their prince that *he* had been the cause. One day, when the King was walking without the pageantry of royalty, and reflecting upon the likeliest method of redressing his peoples' griefs, he perceived a shepherd, at a short distance, in the act of hanging his dog upon a tree.

"What has that poor animal been guilty of?" enquired the Persian Monarch, whose heart was really tender

tender and humane, "to deserve the fate which seems to await him?" He has abused the confidence I reposed in him, (replied the shepherd;) and for that act you must allow that he merits death. I bred him up from a puppy, and have always treated him with the greatest kindness; and all the return I expected from him, was, that he would defend my *flock* from the *wolves:* but he has basely formed a league with the invaders, and, instead of becoming a guardian to the defenceless, he has become a sharer in the spoil; and now justly suffers for the crimes he has committed. But I have always heard that the misfortunes of the multitude will fall upon the head of those by whom they have been oppressed."

These words instantly struck the youthful Monarch; and he was convinced he had erred in submitting his government to the Vizer's power. He instantly examined more closely into the grievances of his subjects; and the consequence was, that the Vizer was condemned to share the fate of the shepherd's dog.

## *ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.*

BY AN ATTACHED FRIEND.

THE first thing necessary for the insurance of conjugal felicity, is to study the disposition of the man in whom your future happiness is reposed; and always endeavour to derive pleasure from those amusements which seem to afford the highest satisfaction to his breast. Home ought to be the centre of domestic happiness; and it is the wife's duty to make it both cheerful and sweet: for if your husband should be naturally of a roving disposition, you will increase the propensity by *coldness* or *reproach*. Always receive him with cheerfulness and good humour; and never omit any polite attention to his friends; for every civility

vility you pay to those he is attached to, he will consider as a mark of affection to himself. Be always elegant in your dress, but never expensive; or, I would rather say, never suffer yourself to be profuse; but your own good sense will tell you, that this article ought entirely to be directed by the state of your husband's purse. In the management of your family, be regular to exactitude, and always pay every bill yourself: by this means you will avoid many impositions; for it will prevent tradespeople and servants from combining to cheat. Be kind, and even affectionate, to all your domestics; but at the same time never suffer them to be guilty of the slightest disrespect. Let your conduct set them an example both of religion and morality; and, above all things, avoid the practice of running in debt. Cultivate those talents with which Nature has endowed you, for the purpose of rendering your society more pleasing to the object of your choice; for, though *beauty* may, for a time, delight the eyes of a husband it is *mental qualifications alone* which can insure the possession of his heart.

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*To the* EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

THOUGH I have always been an admirer of the *Old Woman's* sentiments, and have perused them with a mixture of improvement and delight; yet I cannot say that her correspondent excites the same sensations, or affords the slightest gratification to my mind.

The first thing to be attended to, in drawing a character, is to prevent it from exceeding probability's bounds; a circumstance which certainly has not struck Mrs. Pentweazle, either in describing that of her daughter or niece. I am ready, Sir, to allow that age is not, at the present period, treated with that deference

deference which we are taught to believe it received in times that are past; but I can never conceive that a daughter can be so depraved and presumptuous, as to ridicule a parent for natural defects. The insolence of the *young lady's* remarks upon her mother's personal appearance, (though I believe the term *young* will not be applicable to ladies of her age,) can only be exceeded in improbability, by a **cook* fricaseeing a puppy for her mistress, at the instigation of an absolute child.

The present fashionable mode of dress is certainly bordering upon the indelicate, and must ultimately prove injurious to the health; yet I flatter myself, the folly of it is not of so serious a nature, as absolutely to destroy every principle of the mind! Depravity itself could scarcely make use of such language as these ladies are represented having done to Mrs. P———; and surely no child could be so dead to every filial sensation, as wantonly to insult the author of its birth! If the picture has not been drawn with a caricature pencil, how must Mrs. Pentweazle have educated her child? for can a being that has had the principles of religion, or virtue, sown at an early period, ever display such striking proofs of a complete corrupted mind? "*Honor thy father and mother*," is a command that was given by the Almighty; and few are so depraved as to treat it with contempt; and those who in childhood have been instructed in religious and moral duties, generally observe them with attention and respect.

If the youthful no longer feel that respect which *age* formerly excited, is the fault entirely to be ascribed to them? Are no reasons to be assigned for a diminution of attention? is no cause to be given for its being *less esteemed?* If the dress and manners of the young are exposed to censure, does not the appearance of their grandmothers rather sanction than disapprove? for

* See the Old Woman for March, page 150.

for if their persons are not wrapped round with gossamer-like drapery, grey hairs are concealed by *false ringlets*, and the marks of *wrinkles* hid with *rouge?*

Is it astonishing then, Mr. Editor, if respect is not excited, where so much folly and vanity is displayed? The fault originates not with the *young*, but with those who imagine that *art* can conceal the ravages of *age*. As we increase in years, it seems a natural idea, that a relish for the pleasures of this life should decrease; but attend the crouded parties which assemble in the metropolis, and say, whether they are chiefly composed of the *young?* The same avidity for amusement, the same relish for pleasure, appears to pervade every class of life. The love of dissipation is not attached to any period of existence, but seems to attract in one focus, the maid, the matron, and the wife!

Do not suppose, Mr. Editor, that I conceive it necessary for age to be *strangers* to *cheerfulness* and delight; for Nature attaches a variety of diseases to that peculiar period, the sense of which are lessened by amusing the mind. When the body becomes debilitated by infirmities, pain and languor must necessarily ensue; and that *temper* which was once as calm as the summer breezes, imperceptibly becomes agitated like the troubled sea! These infirmities of years ought not only patiently to be supported, but by rational amusements their effects will be decreased; and it is a duty incumbent upon the young to smooth the pillow of the aged; for it is by *kindness* that we pass pleasingly through this valley of grief and tears. Both the sacred writers, and the heathen philosophers, have all agreed in this declaration, that man is born to *trouble;* and "that *few* and *evil* are *his days;*" yet it is equally true, that the kind hand of Providence has scattered *flowers*, as well as thorns, in the path of life; and the great skill which is required, is, to select those that are perennial, from those that bloom and wither in a day. What are improperly termed *pleasures*, come under the latter description; for they can afford

no

no satisfactory gratification to the mind: but in the society of real friends, and the interchange of mutual kindness, the young and the aged may reciprocally feel delight.

If Mrs. Pentweazle's account is not highly exaggerated, I consider her as the most unfortunate being of whom I ever heard; for, in the catalogue of *human* duties, the *filial* claim a preference, and the neglect of them must evince complete depravity of heart. Every parent is entitled to their childrens' highest gratitude, blended with emotions of tenderness and esteem. But I shall close my observations upon the duty of *children* to their *parents*, by selecting an anecdote, which I flatter myself will be likely to entertain.

"A Roman lady of some consequence was accused of a crime against the state, for which she was tried; and though many arguments were urged in her favor, the severity of the law condemned her to *suffer death*. The keeper of the prison, who was ordered to be her executioner, not only felt a degree of repugnance to the office, but found himself incapable of depriving her of life. He knew his own existence must be forfeited, if he preserved *that of his prisoner;* yet still he was unable to strike the fatal blow. He determined, therefore, not to carry her any nourishment; conceiving *death* would soon relieve her from her woes. The daughter of this ill-fated being implored the keeper's permission to visit the cell where her hapless mother was confined; and though he had received orders to let no person enter, the humanity of his disposition would not allow him to refuse. He examined her, however, to prevent the possibility of conveying nourishment, and daily, upon opening the cell, expected to find his captive dead; instead of which, he did not even observe that her person was emaciated, though he knew her daughter had no opportunity of conveying any food. His astonishment at this circumstance induced him to watch their next interview, when he beheld the ill-fated mother drawing nourishment from the bosom of

her child. He instantly flew to the senate, and described, in affecting colors, the instance of filial fondness which he had recently beheld. The senate, struck with this amiable proof of affection, instantly granted a pardon for the supposed crime. A temple was ordered to be erected to Filial Piety; and mother and daughter were supported at the public expence."

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient humble Servant,

B. M.

## *ON GLUTTONY.*

ALL that gluttons devour above what nature requires, is entirely at their own expence. A sensible prince having asked his physician, how much daily food was required to support the body of a healthy man, and keep up its strength, the physician replied, that one pound was enough; such a quantity being very well capable of supporting him; and if he took more, the consequence must be, that he must support it.

## *ON FREEDOM.*

WHATEVER our poverty, there is something cheering in the faintest smile of *freedom*. Such is the structure of our mind, that we can more easily reconcile a blow when we possess power to *resent* it: but when cruelty strikes, and expects submission from the negro, it is but taking a scoundrel-like advantage; and if it is any thing that makes revenge one of the properties of a slave—it is this.

## *A LETTER*

### *From a Musical Gentleman to his Friend.*

Dear Sir,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the books, as they very oppor-*tune*-ly relieved me from a desperate struggle with Signior Campioni, whom you have sometimes heard me mention. This gentleman, as if he originally intended hostilities, came to me, attended by his *Second*, and a *third bass* fellow, whom I do not well know what to make of. I really intended to *scrape* an acquaintance with him, and avoided every thing that could put him out of *tune;* yet I had scarce paid my compliments to him, than he began in a *tone* that might be heard half-way down the street. 'Twas *natural* for me to expect he would begin in a different *key;* but I shall be more cautious for the future; that's *flat*. He charged me with casting some *slurrs* on him; and, not content with taking me by the *ears*, had, like a true *Italian*, recourse to the *Stoccado*. How such a *crotchet* could come into his head, I cannot conceive; as I hate *discords*, and really wished to be in *harmony* with him. However, I soon found he was perfectly master of the *sharps*, and understood the *stops* like Belcher or Mendoza, (which, indeed, may be said to be his *forte*.) To *fret*, I saw was useless, and therefore thought it best to *time him;* though by no means an easy task. I believe you will allow me to be as little given to fear as any man; and yet, I assure you, he made me *shake*, and often put me to the *last shift*. However, after several *repetitions*, and many *ups* and *downs*, in which I got some *strains*, I have the satisfaction to asure you, that I at last *banged* him to some *tune*.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

## *PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.*

### DRURY LANE.

THE translated play of *Deaf and Dumb* was represented on Friday night, April 15th, at Drury-lane Theatre, to a numerous audience. *Miss De Camp*, who has been several months abroad for the recovery of her health, appeared for the first time this season in her character of *Julio*. The audience received her with very flattering marks of applause. The character of *Frantal*, originally performed by *Barrymore*, was undertaken by *Bartley*, whose manner was marked rather by plain sense than forcible expression. *Wroughton*, as usual, exhibited the anxieties of pride, fear, and conscious guilt, in *Darlemont*, with great skill, and rendered it one of the very best achievements of the modern stage.

*April* 16.

This evening a Comedy, called *The Marriage Promise*, was brought forward for the first time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| Charles Merton | MR. C. KEMBLE. |
| Sidney - - - | MR. DWYER. |
| Tandem - - | MR. BANNISTER, jun. |
| Consols - - | MR. DOWTON. |
| George Howard | MR. POPE. |
| Farmer Woodland | MR. PALMER. |
| Policy - - - | MR. HOLLINGSWORTH. |
| Jefferies - - | MR. POWELL. |
| Mrs. Howard - | MRS. POWELL. |
| Mrs. Harvey - | MRS. SPARKS. |
| Emma Harvey | MRS. JORDAN. |
| Mary Woodland | MISS MELLON. |

Bailiffs, Servants, &c.

The Scene is laid in a Village in England.

Upon

Upon the arrival of Charles Merton at his late father's mansion, to take possession of his estate, with his travelling companion, Mr. Sidney, a dashing young man of fashion, he meets with Tandem, a whimsical character, who had acted as his father's steward, and from whose knavery and tricks many incidents arise. A plot is laid by Sidney and Tandem to make Merton drunk; Tandem having been invited, at Sidney's request, to dine with them. Merton, in a state of intoxication, insults Mary, the daughter of Farmer Woodland. After recovering from his drunkeness, he feels much remorse for his conduct; and, to expiate his offence, determines to offer Mary his hand. For this purpose he writes to Woodland, and gives the letter for delivery to Tandem, who is distressed at finding his master in correspondence with Woodland, whom he has previously ordered to be arrested for debt for having refused him his daughter.

Mrs. Harvey, a reduced gentlewoman, having retired with her daughter Emma to a cottage granted her by the late Mr. Merton, an intimate friend of her deceased husband, Captain Harvey, receives notice that her agent, who held the remnant of her fortune in trust, has failed; and the lease of her cottage having expired at the same time Young Merton takes possession, her daughter Emma resolves to wait on him, to intercede for her mother. In this interview Merton feels the interest of a lover, and is in despair when he reflects on the promise made to Mary Woodland. From this incident the play takes its title. To refer to another part of the plot—Consols arrives in the village, with his clerk, Policy, to whom he declares that his immense wealth rather makes him miserable than happy, and that he is resolved to part with some of it, to relieve the unfortunate. He enters the cottage of George Howard, by whom he is kindly treated and relieved, Howard supposing him in distress. In the mother of Howard, Consols finds a lost daughter, who, having been private-

ly married to the father of Merton, is involved in distress by his having neglected her, and married again. From these circumstances many interesting situations arise. Merton becomes acquainted with his father's turpitude by means of a letter, supposed to have been written by his dying hand, in which he recommends Mrs. Howard and her son to his care. George Howard, incensed at Merton's conduct to Mary Woodland, challenges him: they meet, but are prevented fighting by an old servant, who was in the secret, and who declares them to be brothers. Merton receives the hand of Emma Harvey; whilst Mary Woodland bestows her's on George Howard; and thus the piece concludes.

Such is the plot of a comedy written by *Mr. Allingham*, whose talent for dramatic composition has been the subject of general panegyric for many excellent compositions, particularly for his popular entertainment of *Fortune's Frolic*.

The language of the play has the merit of classical elegance, and is admirably suited to the respective characters; while the wit and humor of the piece seem to arise solely from the occasion, without any intrusion upon the business of the scene. The author possesses a claim to public approbation which should not pass unnoticed. He strictly confines himself to the representation of things as they exist in nature, without borrowing fictitious support from pantomimic trick, or the art of the carpenter.

Among the Performers, *Mr. Bannister*, *C. Kemble*, *Pope*, *Dwyer*, and *Dowton*, deserve particular mention. *Mrs. Powell* and *Miss Mellon*, in their respective characters, are entitled to the author's best thanks. *Mrs. Jordan*, in *Emma Harvey*, soars above all praise. The arch simplicity; the airy, sportive humor; and the seemingly wild untutored manner in which she sings the following air, never gave higher delight.

Young COLINETTE, a lovely maid,
Had she been wise as she was fair,
By LUBIN had not been betray'd,
Who prais'd her shape, and prais'd her air,
And stole her heart away:
Ah! well-a-day!

By vows as false as false could be,
He ruin'd lovely *Colinette:*
And careless then away went he,
And left the maid to pine and fret,
And sigh her life away;
Ah! well a-day!

The audience was numerous and fashionable. From first to last, the play was heard without a single murmur of disapprobation, but with frequent bursts of loud and hearty applause. It has several times been repeated, and promises to be a distinguished favorite of the public.

## COVENT GARDEN.

*Mr. Lewis's* long expected *Mono-Drame* was brought forward at Covent Garden Theatre on Tuesday evening, March 22. The plot, if such it can be called, is told in a few words. A lady confined in a mad-house, under the pretence of insanity, by a cruel and perfidious husband, is agonised to such a degree by her sufferings, and the misery with which she is surrounded, that she actually loses her reason. She is at length recovered by the sight of an only child, and restored to liberty by her father and brothers.

The only speaker in this scene of woe is the heroine herself, and the character was admirably performed by *Mrs. Litchfield.* The piece was too horribly affecting to produce approbation. Many ladies were so shocked as to faint away, or to fall into convulsions, and the piece was entirely withdrawn.

The music, by *Dr. Busby*, had to boast of appropriate science, and true taste.

## SADLER'S WELLS.

This Theatre having been transferred to new Proprietors, (among whom are Messrs. *C. Dibdin, Jun. T. Dibdin, Reeve,* the composer, and *Andrews,* the artist,) opened on Easter Monday in a style that certainly entitles the Managers to the most liberal Patronage. The house is fitted up with great taste; the decorations, classical and splendid; and the scenery (chiefly portraits) impressively picturesque, and most ably executed. The dresses also were as superb as those of a Theatre Royal; the band of music superior to any we ever heard out of a Patent Theatre; and the company composed of the most eminent performers in Burletta and Pantomime; including Townsend, formerly of Covent Garden; Bologna, Jun. Grimaldi, King, little Menage; a Bass Singer, named Smith, whose voice has rarely been surpassed; Davis; Cipriani, from Drury-Lane; Madam St. Amand, Mrs. C. Dibdin, &c. The Author and Stage Manager is Mr. C. Dibdin, Jun. the Composer and Superintendant of the Musical Department, Mr. Reeve; and the Painter, Mr. Andrews. The house overflowed at an early hour, and hundreds went away disappointed at not being able to taste the first of the *old wine,* which was really such as would have done honour to a City Feast, and produced the most perfect good humour, which was increased by the merit of the Entertainments, entitled, *New Brooms; Jack the Giant Killer; Edward and Susan;* and a Comic Pantomime, called *Fire and Spirit;* together with the uncommon performance of a Child 9 years old, who danced a skipping-rope hornpipe; and an Italian, called the Patagonian Sampson, full 7 feet high, if not more, who walked about the stage with 7 Men piled pyramidically about him, with much apparent ease. We have seldom witnessed an audience better pleased than that which witnessed the opening of the Wells. The Songs were chiefly encored; and none more deserved

served the encore than the following Welch Air, which was sung most characteristically by Mr. Townsend, accompanied by the harp.

## STARBOARD, AS A WELCHMAN.

I.

THERE is a proferb ferry old,
Look you now! Look, &c.
If hur prudence must be told,
Look, &c.
This proferb is of ancient rules,
Ferry coot to caution fools—
"Never meddle with edge tools,"
Look you now, &c.

II.

There is a fable pat enough,
Look, &c.
A snake once lick'd a file so rough,
Look, &c.
So tore her tongue above, beneath;
Hur wish'd hur had not left the heath,
But "kept hur tongue between hur teeth,"
Look, &c.

III.

A story fery coot I've heard,
Look, &c.
There was a Turk who wore a peard,
Look, &c.
'Twas all hur pride, till once a clown
Pull'd it so, when, with a frown,
The angry Turk was knock hur down,
Look, &c.

## ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

*Mr. Astley*, a favourite caterer of Public Amusement, from the specimen which he exhibited on Easter Monday of his taste and exertion in this line, seems resolved to maintain the reputation that the Royal Amphitheatre has so justly acquired. The *Caledonian Marriage*, as the petit Divertisement, is full of interest. The dancing was excellent, particularly that of a little girl about nine years old, who alternately sailed through the mazes of harmony, or tripped on the light fantastic toe to the briskest measure. In speaking of the Horsemanship, it is only necessary to say, that *Crossman* and *Smith* exhibited in their best style. The Pantomime had many recommendations of novelty, and promises to be a favourite.

## CIRCUS.

The *Circus*, which has been much ornamented and decorated, was on Easter Monday opened to a very crouded audience. The gaiety and festivity of the holidays seemed to pervade the company. The Horsemanship was, as usual, excellent; and, after a variety of other entertainments, a new Pantomime was presented, called *The Rival Statues; or, Harlequin Humorist.* There was no scene which appeared more to divert the audience than a representation of the exterior and interior of the shop of the hardwareman in Leadenhall-street, called *Dirty Dick.* A song is given in character: when alluding to the story of the lock'd up room of *Bluebeard*, *Dirty Dick* says,

> My blue room's as black as my shirt,
> And my spectres are starv'd rats and mice.

By a stroke of *Harlequin's* magic sword, this dirty shop is turned into an elegant ball and banqueting room.

THE

## *THE BATTLE OF LODI.*

LYCEUM, STRAND.

## THE BATTLE OF LODI,

PAINTED BY

MR. ROBERT KER PORTER.

After having witnessed three great works of this celebrated artist, which will transmit a visible picture of the most signal successes of this war to posterity, Englishmen feel no displeasure at the same hand bringing before their eyes the *Battle of Lodi;* as a proof that the enemy they vanquished was of sufficient strength to render victory glorious.

To make the picture perfectly correct, we understand Mr. Porter visited the scene of action. The view of the town of Lodi and its environs are very fine; and the dreadful scene of conflict and carnage which covers the fore-ground and bridge, tremendous. *Buonaparte* is in the centre of the picture, in the heat of engagement. *Marmot* is near him; and the Generals *Lasnes*, *Berthier*, *Augerou*, *Massena*, *Monier*, *Dessaix*, and *Rusca*, are disposed in other parts of the battle. These portraits make the picture very interesting to the curious; whilst the truth, fine conception, and execution, of the whole, must be equally approved by the soldier and the artist.

*Cabinet*

# *Cabinet of Fashion,*

## WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

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## *MORNING DRESSES.*

1. A straw hat turned up with green velvet, trimmed with a wreath of roses. A short pelice of black lace. The dress, a lead-coloured Chambray muslin; a ruff on the neck. Shoes, straw-coloured. Gloves, York tan.

2. A hat of blue beaver, trimmed with swan's-down, and tied with white ribbons. A tippet of blue velvet, trimmed with swan's-down, tied on the right side with tassels of the same. Shoes, blue leather. Gloves, York tan

## *EVENING DRESSES.*

3. A plain dress of white muslin. The head-dress a tiara of blue flowers, with a lace veil. Gloves, white leather; and shoes, blue silk.

4. A head-dress of lace, with bandeaus of yellow sarsenet, and a white rose on the left side. The dress, yellow sarsenet, with white roses on the sleeves. Shoes, yellow; and gloves, white.

*** The most fashionable colours are white, blue, pink, yellow, and green. Straw hats, of various shapes, lined with velvet or silk, are very fashionable. In full dress, gold and silver muslins are much worn: and in the head-dress, the prince's feather, and bandeaus of flowers, are the prevailing fashions.

Morning Dreſſes May 1803.

Pub by Vernor Hay

3 4

*Evening Dresses May 1803.*

# *The Apollonian Wreath.*

## *ODIN AND CORINNA.*

### A BALLAD.

" *Dura pati discit plurima, quisquis amat.*"

" WITH courage, guards, your vigils keep;
" The enemy is nigh:
" Beware, ye centinels, of sleep;
" For he that sleeps shall die."

Such words as these from Odin flew
Unto the guards of night;
Who straightway to his tent withdrew,
Reflecting on the fight.

" Ah! soon wilt thou thy love forget,
" Corinna dear," he cries;
" For ere to-morrow's sun be set,
" Perhaps thy Odin dies.

" But I am arm'd, and well prepar'd,
" And death expect to find;
" But still, ah still! I think it hard
" To leave my love behind.

" But should the victory be mine,
" (Ye powers, grant it so,)
" For ever then is Odin thine,
" And thou art Odin's too.

" But when the cannons round me roar,
" And swords on helmets ring,
" A thought of her, whom I adore,
" Will strength and courage bring.

" Enough—If courage flies my heart,
" This thought my bosom cheers,
" How she—when Odin did depart,
" Stood smiling through her tears."

He ceas'd—and listen'd to the blast
That roar'd, with beating rain;
The sky with clouds was overcast,
And not a star was seen;

When straight across the marshes damp
A fine young soldier mov'd,
Who sought, and found, brave Odin's camp;
For Odin much he lov'd.

" Direct me, centinel" he cries,
" And pray direct me true;
" I seek the tent where Odin lies,
" And seek for Odin too."

" Good friend," replies the centinel,
" You canot enter here.
" I love the valiant Odin well;
" The valiant Odin fear.

" His high commands do I revere,
" His high commands obey:
" Good friend, you cannot enter here;
" And so depart, I pray."

" Nay, centinel, since 'tis denied
" For me to enter here,
" I pray thee then," the soldier cried,
" This note to Odin bear.

" Within your centry-box I'll stand,
" And will your office learn;
" And with your musket in my hand,
I'll wait 'till your return."

Scarce had the guard gone off in quest
Of valiant Odin's tent,
But straight the soldier sunk to rest,
With toil and labour spent.

No sweet repose brave Odin felt
Within his tent reclin'd;
His thoughts upon Corinna dwelt;
Corinna fill'd his mind.

Corinna was his only care;
He lov'd Corinna well;
For her protection was his prayer,
If he in battle fell.

Oft would he pace the camp around,
The centinels to view:
The centinels he always found
Upon their stations true.

Brave Odin then was pleas'd to see
The guards their vigils keep;
But passing by the outer way,
He found the guard asleep.

Least guarded when the place he found
That stood in greatest need,
He drew his sword, and gave a wound
That made the soldier bleed.

But straight a voice assail'd his ear—
"Well—how does Odin do?
"But, guard, why strike my bosom here?
"I am your friend, you know.

"But haste, my words to Odin bear;
"My words, alas! are few:
"Haste—haste, and tell my Odin dear,
"He's lost a soldier true.

"Tell him," the bleeding soldier cried,
"To find his tent I thought;
"And by the valiant Odin's side
"Most brave I would have fought.

"Give him this ring; he knows it well,
"And knows the owner too:
"But that you slew me—never tell;
"For that is death to you."

Brave Odin thought the voice he knew;
Aught else the night conceal'd:
He quick exclaims,—"And who art thou,
"That hast this news reveal'd?"

The dying soldier fainting lay,
Whom loss of blood o'ercame;
And scarce had breath enough to say!—
—"Corinna is my name—"

*Christ Church, Oxford,*
*Feb. 17th, 1803.*

MUSIPHILUS.

# *AN ELEGY,*

WRITTEN DURING A SOLITARY WALK IN THE COUNTRY IN SPRING.

BY MR. HACKETT.

WHAT means this dark despondency of mind,
These languid feelings, and this drooping heart?
That all my hopes are now as light as wind,
And nought of sunshine to my breast impart?

Nature, around, in gayest vesture smiles,
And yields her roses to the breathing air;
The birds are cheerful, and, with artless wiles,
Indulge their feelings, and forsake their lair.

Why should not I, by sympathy, partake
The joys that fill the songsters of the spring?
Ah, no! the sorrows that my bosom ake,
Too deeply fester, and too quickly sting!

Yet, once, (but, ah! that once is distant now,
'Tis lost, like years beyond the 'whelming flood!)
Each festive pleasure did my breast endow,
Quicken'd my spirits, revel'd in my blood!

But soon the flow'rs, that grew on Fancy's stem,
Droop'd, by degrees, with every added year;
My soul then sicken'd, and I lost the gem
That sooth'd my sorrows, and that check'd my fear!

Ah! when I turn, with retrospective view,
To years, to days, to moments, that are gone;
That, wing'd with pleasure, ever-gaily flew,
When past with thee, my dear, departed John! *

When I recur to ev'ry sanguine wish,
That fir'd our bosoms with unfading joy;
The fruit we pilfer'd, and the tangled fish,
And each enjoyment of the raptur'd boy;

Sudden

* These stanzas are a heartfelt tribute to the memory of an amiable and deserving youth, who fell a victim, in the flower of his age, to the yellow fever in Jamaica.

Sudden a tear, that childish may be deem'd,
Starts, as a tribute, to my early friend;
Whose breast with gen'rous feelings ever teem'd,
Who warmly lov'd me to his latest end!

Like him, perhaps, I soon shall be no more,
And shortly number'd with the hallow'd dead;
Freed from its shackles, my blest spirit soar
To realms, whence sorrow has for ever fled!

Pupil of sorrow, tho' in age but young,
Vers'd in her school, and burthen'd by her load;
Long have I listen'd to her baleful tongue,
That still continues anguish to forebode!

I lost my father when an artless child,
Too young to feel his value, or his loss!—
This ardent soul was then as nature wild,
And blest if mounted on a *wooden* horse!

Perhaps, some gambols had engag'd my thought,
Some valued bauble, or some pastime dear,
When the sad news some messenger had brought,
And his eye glist'ning with a tender tear:

Perhaps, I still continued at my sport,
And still was happy, as I was before;
Nor knew the meaning of the dread report,
That my dear friend, and father, was no more!

Oh! could his spirit in my sight appear,
And the lov'd shade but bless me with a smile;
I'd tell it all my little hist'ry *here*,
And ev'ry sorrow in this world of guile:

That those I valued and esteem'd as dear,
Had feign'd their *friendship* with the vilest art;
That, ere I'd reach'd my one-and-twentieth year,
They basely deign'd to stab me to the heart!

I'd picture man a tiger in his soul,
Or worse than tiger, tho' in human shape;
Or like a bear, that's growling o'er its foal;
Or imitative as the mimic ape!

If I am ask'd, by some inquiring tongue,
Why my warm numbers thus malignant flow;
I'd urge this reason for my angry song—
I paint him thus, for I have found him so!

But, no—I would not agitate, on earth,
The shade of him who lov'd me "here below;"
Nor wound the spirit of departed worth,
By painting all my sorrows, and my woe!

'Tis clear, that as the circling years proceed,
That roll their course o'er man's devoted head,
Our former pleasures we no longer heed,
And scenes once valued with indiff'rence tread:

Th' Almighty Pow'r, that rules this nether sphere,
Perhaps, intended that it should be so;
For were we tied to ought we meet with *here*,
For his bright regions we should cease to glow!

Here, 'midst these well-known groves, and blooming vales,
I've oft, in childhood, pass'd my happy hours;
Rov'd in the woodlands, sported in the dales,
Lain on the herbage, and the fragrant flow'rs!

But now the sense of pleasure is decay'd,
Lost is the lively verdure of the trees:
The charms of Nature in my senses fade,
And my soul sickens at the passing breeze!

Nor can the prospects darting on my sight
Cheer the dark tenor of my gloomy breast;
Tho' once, alas! they could bestow delight,
And yield to life a never-ceasing zest!

Thus do the future moments of my life
Rush on the vision of my mental eye;
Darken'd by tumult, and the storms of strife,
Impel the heaving of a sickly sigh!

To the cold harbour of the cheerless grave
My wretched bosom can alone resort!
And all the tempests of the world may brave
In the calm safety of that silent port!

When sorrows press upon the drooping soul,
With native ardor to that bourne it tends;
Pants to arrive at that oblivious goal,
And all its wishes to that haven bends!

But now the mansion of my friend is near,
And my wild strains of elegy must cease;
The spirits of my darken'd soul must cheer,
And my face picture happiness and peace!

## *VERSES, COMPOSED IN EXILE,*

### BY A NOBLE POLANDER.

[*Extracted from Miss* PORTER'S *new Romance, called* THADDEUS *of* WARSAW,]

LIKE one whom Etna's torrent fires have sent
Far from the land where his first youth was spent,
Who, inly drooping on a foreign shore,
Broods over scenes which charm his eyes no more,
And while his country's ruin wakes the groan,
Yearns for the buried hut, he call'd his own;
So driv'n, O Poland! from thy ravag'd plains,
So mourning o'er thy sad but lov'd remains,
A friendless wretch, *I* wander through the world,
From fame, from grandeur, and from comfort hurl'd.
O! not, that each long night my weeping eyes
Sink into sleep, unlull'd by Pity's sighs;
Not, that in bitter tears my bread is steep'd,
Tears drawn by insult on my sorrows heap'd;
Not, that my thoughts recall a mother's grave;—
Recall the Sire I would have died to save,
Who fell before me bleeding on the field,
Whilst I in vain oppos'd the fruitless shield:
Ah! not for these I grieve!—Tho' mental woe,
More deadly still, scarce Fancy's self could know.
O'er want and private griefs the soul can climb;
Virtue subdues the one; the other, Time;
But, at his country's fall, the patriot feels
A grief, no time, no drug, no reason heals.
Mem'ry! remorseless muderer! whose voice
Kills as it sounds,—who never says, rejoice!
To my deserted heart, by joy forgot;
Thou pale, thou midnight spectre, haunt me not!
Thou dost but point to where sublimely stands
A glorious temple, rear'd by Freedom's hands,
Circled with palms and laurels, crown'd with light,
Darting Truth's piercing sun on mortal sight:
Then, rushing on, leagu'd fiends of hellish birth,
Levelling the mighty fabric with the earth!
Slept the red bolt of vengeance in that hour,
When virtuous Freedom fell the slave of Power!
Slumber'd the God of justice! that no brand
Blasted with blazing wing the impious band!
Dread God of justice! to thy will I kneel;
Tho' still my filial heart must bleed and feel,
Tho' still the proud convulsive throb will rise,
When fools my country's wrongs and woes despise;

When

When low-soul'd pomp, mean wealth, that pity gives
Which virtue ne'er bestows, and ne'er receives;
That pity, stabbing where it vaunts to cure,
Which barbs the dart of Want, and makes it sure;
How far remov'd from what the feeling breast
Yields boastless, quench'd in sighs, to the distress'd!
Which whispers sympathy with tender fear,
And almost dreads to pour its balmy tear.
But such I know not now: unseen, alone,
I breathe the heavy sigh, I draw the groan;
And madd'ning turn to days of liveliest joy,
When o'er my native hills I cast mine eye,
And said exulting, "Free men here shall sow
"The seed that soon in tossing gold shall glow!
"While Plenty, led by Liberty, shall rove,
"Gay and rejoicing, thro' the land they love;
"And 'mid their loaded vines, the peasant see
"His wife, his children, breathing out— we're free!"
But now, O wretched land! above thy plains,
Half viewless thro' the gloom, vast Horror reigns.
No happy peasant, o'er his blazing hearth,
Devotes the supper hour to love and mirth;
No flowers on Liberty's pure altar bloom;
Alas! they wither now, and strew her tomb!
From the great book of nations fiercely rent,
My country's page to Lethe's stream is sent.
O! sent in vain! Th' historic muse shall raise,
O'er wrong'd Sarmatia's cause, the voice of praise;
Shall sing *her* nobly struggling, e'en in death;
But blast her royal robber's bloody wreath!

## *EVENING HYMN.*

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply
"Our hearts unto wisdom."

PSALMS.

I.

OH thou! the Parent of the day!
The God of ev'ry hour!
Fain would I dwell upon thy love,
Thy goodness, and thy power!

II.

May that reflection now be mine,
The season should inspire;
The lighter thoughts of day suppress,
—Suppress each vague desire.

Perhaps,

III.

Perhaps, at this still solemn hour,
Some spirit wings its way;
Or in the chamber's sullen gloom
It sickens to decay!

IV.

And e'er another morning's sun,
At thy command, shall rise,
Commission'd Death, with icy hand,
May close these waking eyes!

V.

Tremendous thought!—and can my doom
The fleeting moments seal?
Some moment, swiftly hast'ning, will
Th' unerring truth reveal.

VI.

Great God! while roll the midnight hours,
Oh! let me own thy care!
And thro' each period, yet unseen,
Thy living presence share!

VII.

Tho' deep'ning shadows, all around,
A dark confusion throw,
Within this bosom, darker still,
'Tis thine each thought to know!

VIII.

Oh there, with gratitude and love,
May Faith and Joy reside!
Nor ought beneath yon' vaulted skies
My brighter hopes divide.

IX.

So, when the day of life is past,
The mortal veil withdrawn!
Then on my raptur'd longing sight
Eternity shall dawn!

*Southwark.* J. SHEPPARD, JUN.

## *THE HERMIT.—(Time,* NIGHT.*)*

AN ACROSTIC TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY, MAY FOURTH.

ENWRAP'D with watchful care, I pensive view
L ife dwindling on, within this humble cell;
I n my rough vault I yet find this is true,
S erene is all, where solitude can dwell.
A round this turf my days are printed deep,
B eyond this frame my hopes shall ever soar;
E njoy let those, who now in comfort sleep,
T ill the bright morn shall o'er the twilight creep;
H ere let my soul on past remembrance pore.

H ere let me pause on loveliness and youth,
A nd think on Mira, my once happy bride;
R ead Death's stern lesson in the glass of truth,
R ent from my bosom in her life's mid-tide.
I n this kind page I trace where she has penn'd;
O n this draught form I muse: then fervent send
T he grateful pray'r, of husband, father, friend.

E merg'd—my glass declares that time is nigh;
G ladly I once beheld my Betsy's birth;
L o! eighteen years revolving have pass'd by,
I n thy fair life, on this deceitful earth.
N ow parted from thee, still be this my care,
T 'mplore th' Almighty to direct thy ways.
O may harsh Falsehood ne'er thy youth ensnare!
N or meet this day, but with the happiest praise.

T. BIRD

## *LINES,*

OCCASIONED BY HEARING THE BELL TOLL FOR A FUNERAL.

THAT solemn sound which strikes the air,
So oft repeated on my ear,
Resounds afar an awful truth,
To hoary age, and giddy youth:
Its voice proclaims a soul is fled!
And the vast mansions of the dead
Enclose within their dark domains
The breathless corpse, the dead remains.
Tremendous thought! the soul is fled!
Not sleeping with the silent dead:

But

But whither gone, or how it fares,
The ghost departed ne'er declares:
Whether to scenes of bliss on high,
Or shades below, where spirits lie
For ever dying, ne'er to die,
We're uninform'd; for none return,
To tell us what it is to burn
With Seraph's fire in realms of light,
Or dwell in everlasting night.
Let thoughts like these rouse ev'ry heart,
And each reflect, I must depart:
Perhaps this hour the summons comes
To make me free among the tombs;
The warrant's sign'd, the mandate's given,
That calls my soul to hell or heaven.
Am I prepar'd; or is my heart,
Hardened as steel, and loth to part
With earth's delusive flattering toys,
For heaven's unfading, ceaseless joys?
Speak, conscience, speak; declare my state;
Say what I love, and what I hate:
Tell me if earth my heart possess,
Or heaven delights, and holiness.
Let heavenly charms my passions raise,
Be my enjoyments prayer and praise;
Then welcome, death! the grisly king
Has lost the terror of his sting.

SERENA.

## *IMITATION OF HORACE,*

### ODE 3. BOOK 2.

I.

PRESERVE, my friend, a mind serene
Amid each ever varying scene;
And still to Reason's calm controul
Resign each passion of your soul.

II.

Whether the moments ling'ring move,
And Sorrow's deepest pangs you prove,
Or 'neath Falernus' blissful shade,
Exempt from pining care, you're laid;

III.

Reclin'd where pines umbrageous bend,
And poplars wide their boughs extend,
Where Zephyrs all their sweets bestow,
And limpid streams meand'ring flow;

While

IV.

While gaily pass the festive hours,
Ah! thither bear the short-liv'd flow'rs,
And let one truth the rose supply,
Whose charms so swiftly bloom and die.

V.

Your lengthen'd lawns, and meadows wide,
Where Tiber rolls his swelling tide,
And ev'ry charm that crowns your view,
Soon must receive your last adieu.

VI.

For know, my friend, the young, the gay,
And all who tread the devious way,
The prince, the monarch, and the slave,
*All* hasten onward to the grave.

*Southwark.* J. SHEPPARD. JUN.

## *SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES*

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

CHARADE I.—Dew-lap.
——— II.—Flam-beau.

## *Correspondence, &c.*

William and Emma, Netly Abbey, *and several other Productions with which we have been favored by our Poetical Correspondents, being omitted this Month for want of Room, shall have Insertion in our next Number, which will finish the Tenth Volume of the Museum.*

*Lady Duncannon.*

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